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1830

To W. L. Sawyer

With the warm
regard of

M. A. De Wolfe How

December 1893

SHADOWS

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TO THE MEMORY
OF MY FATHER

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*J*OY and love and sorrow fare
By the roadway all men share ;
Fleet of foot they pass us by,
Yet their image lingers nigh.

*H*ow may shadow truly stay
When the substance goes its way ?
Bind it captive unto speech,
Words and shadow, each with each ;
Bid them blend into a song.
So these shadows rest — how long ?

THE ORCHESTRA

PON the mountain's morning side
The players, all in feathered coats,
On tree-tops swing, in thickets hide,
And sound preliminary notes.

The violinists here and there
Tune all their many strings unseen ;
Long sloping tones are in the air,
With pizzicato bits between.

Hark ! 'tis a flute's roulade so near
That revels gay and unafraid !
And there ! the clarinet rings clear
Its mellow trill from yonder glade.

The gentle tappings of a drum
Sound where the beeches thinner grow ;
Nearer a humorist is come
Upon his droll bassoon to blow.

And now a 'cello from afar
Breathes out its human, dim appeal —
A voice as from a distant star
Where mortals work their woe and weal.

Then down a sylvan aisle I gaze,
And to my musing sense it seems
A leader mounts a log, and sways
His baton like a man of dreams.

And here behold a marvel wrought !
For marshalled in a concord sweet
The blending fragments all are brought
To tune and harmony complete.

Is it a masterpiece that men
Have heard before — and found it good ?
Is this the Rheinland o'er again ?
Am I with Siegfried in the wood ?

Nay — for this priceless hour 'tis mine
To share with Nature's audience
A symphony too rare and fine
For skill of human instruments.

Leader, what music hast thou stirred !
Players, still heed him every one !
And God be thanked for every bird
That sings beneath the May-day sun !

FOR THE NIGHT

IVE me of all thy weariness, O day !
Let body, mind, and spirit so be spent
That when death's herald-brother,
sleep, is sent,
Resistless, I may yield me to his sway
Till the black silence lulls me to content.

Then let the dark fall like a total shroud,
And fold me in till day again is bright,
Not lifting with the gray retreat of night,
To leave me lying mute before the crowd
Of gliding shapes that steal upon my
sight.

Dread ghosts are they of all my deeds mis-
done
And words unspoken ; shield my wakeful
bed
From hours of dawn when most they rear
their head,
To whisper me of ungrasped moments
gone,
To mock my impotence now all is sped.
Nor give me dreams, for they will lead my
feet
To walk in paths wherfrom I needs must
turn
For streets of day ; and though in sleep I
spurn

Their semblances, and vaguely scoff the cheat,
Yet when the parting comes, the heart will
burn.

Nay, as if under Death's dark still caress,
New courage silently would I attain
To fight the new day's fight — and not in
vain,
If from its hours I win fresh weariness,
To make me ready for the night again.

INTERPRETATION

 HESE gentle lines of Nature's face
Are like a living face I love,
And keen mine eyes have grown
to trace
What signs soe'er across it move.

To stranger eyes a peace serene
Broods over all, from east to west ;
For them 'tis as a painted scene ;
For me it quivers with unrest.

Now on the waters something stirs —
A sail, a breeze, a flotsam thing ;
Now from the point of junipers
The birds fly out on seaward wing.

Across the fields slow creatures stray,
The shadows up the hillside run ;
And lo ! through all the changeful day
The miracles of wind and sun.

The signal colors of the year
Are mine to watch with heedful eye ;
The gradual seasons drawing near
Claim vigilance and constancy.

Unseen or clear the changes fall,
And Nature's face that seems so still
Is full of motion mystical
And boding signs for good or ill.

But ah ! the spirit hid within —
When shall I learn its ways to trace ?
The subtler skill when shall I win,
And learn to read that living face ?

“WHERE IT LISTETH”

 HE wind is like a ravening beast
to-night,
Mad for its prey and howling down
the trail ;

I hear without its baffled snarl and bite,
And feel the shouldering of its fierce assail,
Shaking the rooted walls with hideous din,
And hoarse, as one with shouting, “ Let
me in ! ”

Ah, ye who watch this night where sick
men lie,
Shelter their sleep as shrewdly as ye may !
So easily this blast that rushes by
Might snatch a fitful breath and whirl away
Into the blackness with it — on and on :
“ Whither,” we cry, “ oh, whither hath it
gone ? ”

THE LARK SONGS

 T was not thou alone I heard,
First lark that sang from English
skies,

And to mine ears seemed less a bird
Than chorister of Paradise.

Full sweet from heaven thy music fell,
Yet with it came two voices more,
Two songs that blent with thine to tell
The praise I knew of thee before.

Thy truth to home and heaven sang one —
And Wordsworth's note serene and strong,
With earth and sky in unison,
Made of thy flight itself a song.

The other blither strain I caught
Bore never a message but "Rejoice" —
Song of thy very song, methought,
Exultant with thine own glad voice.

And unto this, I knew not how,
Rose answer from the sons of men :
“ The world is listening, Shelley, now,
As thou didst listen then.”

RETROSPECT

HE stately pile I passed to-day was
marred
With dust and shattered glass and
school-boy scrawls
Of chalk defacing all the lower walls ;
But from beyond I looked and saw them
not —
Only the pinnacles gleamed heavenward.
To-night I think on one beloved, and dead,
And marvel at the nothings once so grave.
Now banners of his strength above them
wave,
Now are the lower earth-stained walls for-
got ;
The glorious towers are shining overhead.

THE DEATH



SHUDDER not when back I bend
My thought on life's first painful
breath ;
Nor will I tremble for the end —
The last is only death.

To fear this death would shame my birth,
Yet lowers a death I fear to die —
Even before our inn, the earth,
Has place for me to lie.

It shall o'ertake me when the face
Of spring or winter speaks no word,
When winds and waters stir apace
And naught but sound is heard.

When walking in the silent wood
I find no spirit breathing there,
No presence in the solitude
Else spreading everywhere.

It shall befall when, deaf to hear
And dumb to speak what heart tells heart,
Through one long winter of the year
I fare from friends apart.

When noble music, tale, or deed
Warms not the blood to swifter flow,
When numb alike to art and need
In dull content I grow : —

This were the dread and inmost fate,
And burial were the end thereof,
Should dearth of loving, known too late,
Lose me the way to love.

DISTINCTION

HE village sleeps, a name unknown,
Till men
With life-blood stain its soil, and
pay the due
That lifts it to eternal fame, — for then
'Tis grown a Gettysburg or Waterloo.

THE HORIZON AT SEA

 LINE inexorably straight,
In larger truth, a girdling ring,
Fixed either way as firm as fate,
And always onward beckoning.

Clear-cut and far, or near and blurred,
As powers of sun and cloud decree,
By these thy provocations stirred,
We seek the farthest mystery.

Emblem of boundaries strictly set,
Emblem of venturous search and hope,
Circled by thee can man forget
His limitation and his scope ?

THE BACONIAN AGE

 OW is the sum of Shakespeare
naught !
Lights out — farewell to clown and
hero !
Since ciphers were by all men sought,
What has been found at last but — zero ?

PATRI ET AMICO

I

THE SUNRISE

 LOW out the candle, day is come ;
The watchers need no other light
Than that which floods the solemn
room

Where life is passing with the night.

Across the smiling acres green,
Across the point, the bay, the hills,
Strong, like the soul that loved the scene,
The tide of dawn the chamber fills.

Blow out the candle — small his care
Whose mortal light burns, ah ! so dim ;
Haply his vision opens where
The eternal sunrise shines for him.

Yes, day is bright about his bed,
And night has vanished with his breath.
Lo ! on his face, all shadows fled,
The morning majesty of death.

II

THE TRAVELLERS

HEY made them ready and we saw
them go
Out of our very lives ;
Yet this world holds them all,
And soon it must befall
That we shall know
How this one fares, how that one thrives ;
And one day — who knows when ?
They shall be with us here again.

Another traveller left us late
Whose life was as the soul of ours ;
A stranger guest went with him to the gate,
And closed it breathing back a breath of
flowers.

And what the eyes we loved now look upon,
What industries the hands employ,
In what new speech the tongue hath joy,
We may not know — until one day,
And then another, as our toil is done,

The same still guest shall visit us,
And one by one
Shall take us by the hand and say,
“ Come with me to the country marvellous,
Where he has dwelt so long beyond your
sight.

’Twere idle waiting for his own return
That ne’er shall be ; face the perpetual light,
And with him learn
Whate’er the heavens unfold of knowledge
infinite.”

Each after each then shall we rise,
And follow through the stranger’s secret
gate,
And we shall ask and hear, beyond surmise,
What glorious life is his, since desolate
We stood about the bed
Where our blind eyes looked down on him
as dead.

III

HEIRS OF THE YEARS

EIRS of the years,
How shall we bind our heritage
About our souls so fast

That thieving time, well skilled to dry our
tears,
Must leave untouched our riches of the past,
Nor send us dowerless down the road to age ?

What dearer wealth had we
Than that our walk fell sometime by the
side
Of those rare spirits who no more abide
Where our poor weeks and hours are told ?
Forth from the bolder day,
When the gray century was young and free,
One brought a heart that ne'er grew old,
That loved, and knew not fear,
And sped us strengthened on our parted way.
One from the decades near
Garnered all manfulness and cheer,

Plucked from the age that waits unknown
Great hopes and pledges of the things to be.
His should have been the captaincy,
And he the mark
Shining to lead us through the dark
That fronts us now alone.

Nay, must they perish utterly from earth
Because their faces fade from view ?
Death — they had told us — is another birth ;
If but their death
Might breathe into our lives a fuller breath
Of life, and quicken us anew
With their blent might of age and youth,
Their quiet valor for the truth !

Then, wheresoe'er they are,
They would look down, it may be, on our
star,
And feel some fragment of their life lived on,
And know they are not truly gone
From out this world of men.

And, haply, then,
Heirs of the years, we shall have won
Our heritage from loss,
Our gold from all the dimness of the dross.

A WINTER ELEGY

J. F. H.

 O walk beside this winter shore
Was not for his young feet ;
Of summer learned he all his lore,
Smiling from life's wide-opened door,
A summer world to greet.

This icy channel's narrowed span
'Twas not for him to know ;
His current, widening as it ran,
Still smoothly spreads as it began,
Free from our frost and snow.

Like sails of shallop overset,
The floes of ice are borne

Along a tide he knew not yet
Whose boat no chilling blasts had met,
 Where Hope's brave flag is torn.

Now he is gone, I would not find
These waters summer-fair,
Girt round with meadows bland and kind ;
The rigors of the winter wind
 Better befit our care.

Yet sometimes on the snow-wrapped hill
A light at evening lies,
Tender beyond the summer's skill :—
What light, I wonder, fairer still,
 Gladdens his absent eyes ?

And sometimes, touched by winter's
 breath,
I thrill with wakened powers.
“ Youth still is his,” a whisper saith ;
“ That searching spirit found not death,
 But life — more life than ours.”

AT THE HEART

HE heart is but a narrow space
For paltriness to find a place ;
But in its precincts there is room
Sufficient unto bliss or doom.

The certainties, so few, are there,
The doubts that feed the soul with care ;
The passions battling with the will
To guide their liege to good or ill ;
The saving grace of reverence,
The saving hatred of pretence ;
The sympathy of common birth
With all the native things of earth :
The love begun with life, the love
That years diminish not, nor move ;
And — more in such a narrow space ? —
The image of a woman's face.

THE FIELD-DAY

 **Y**ELLOW banner first was seen
Where every willow stood,
Long, long before a hint of green
Had touched the hillside wood.

Then, as if autumn had come back,
A glow of red returned
To all the maple branches black,
Whereon a dark fire burned.

“ Form, companies and regiments ; ”
’Twas this the signals said ;
Full well the trees knew why and whence
The royal mandate sped.

The marching orders of the year
Had come to them at last ;
The field-day of the spring was near,
The winter bivouac past.

In suits of green they decked them out,
Like Robin Hood’s brave band ;

The May winds rallied with a shout,
The warm sun lit the land.

The orchard trees must lead the van
With banners pink and white ;
And so they gathered clan by clan,
And formed their lines aright.

Then was the great commander heard,
And the order came to march ;
And music fell from every bird
Beneath the heavens' high arch.

From street and lane and park and field,
From road and hill and shore,
The great green army wound and wheeled
Across the world once more.

THE HELMSMAN

WHAT shall I ask for the voyage I
must sail to the end alone ?

Summer and calms and rest from
never a labor done ?

Nay, blow, ye life-winds all ; curb not for
me your blast,

Strain ye my quivering ropes, bend ye my
trembling mast.

Then there can be no drifting, thank God !
for boat or me, —

Strenuous, swift, our course over a living sea.

Mine is a man's right arm to steer through
fog and foam ;

Beacons are shining still to guide each farer
home.

Give me your worst, O winds ! others have
met the stress ;

E'en if it be to sink, give me no less, no less.

THE PATHS

HERE end the journeys all must
make

They met who once together walked,
And in the stillness few may break
Thus each to each they talked :

“ Alas the weary way I took !
Because no turning hid the end
I thought it near, and so forsook
Thee and thy wisdom, friend.

“ I thought it near — but oh, the length
Of that unbroken, burning road,
The thirst, the pain, my failing strength
As 'neath a giant's load !

“ Had I but known — yet heed me not !
God grant thou wast not so forgot ! ”

“ My path — I saw not clearly where
It led, nor knew the end of it ;

But cool it strayed by pastures fair
And meads where peace had lit.

“ Now through a pleasant wood it bent,
And now a laughing stream led on,
And birds were singing as we went, —
For I was not alone.

“ Ah, would the ending still were far !
Too soon it came — too soon the day
Of joy was done ; yet shines a star ! —
I journeyed by Love’s Way ! ”

And mark ye, men, in field and town, —
From all the world two paths lead down.

THE FIRST OF SPRING

HAT jingling tumult spans the air
From where the brook runs swift
and bright ? —
The host of hylas piping there,
Or winter’s sleigh-bells faint with flight ?

GOLDENROD

 EFORE the day light yields to con-
quering night,
Death-faint, yet with a dying war-
rior's might,
It struggles god-like 'gainst the sullen foe,
And all the west with conflict fierce aglow
Is edged with quivering rays of brighter hue
Than morning's opening rose or midday's
blue.

And dying summer, loath to lay aside
Its customed many-colored robe of pride,
With the last effort of a vanquished god,
Skirts all its fields and roads with goldenrod.

A TREE

 TOWN all one way I saw it stand
Forth from its fellows of the wood
That faced the sea-winds on the
strand,
A tall, unflinching brotherhood.

Compassed by them, it might have grown
In strength and symmetry like theirs,
Not leaning landward now alone,
Like one unfriended, bent with cares.

The winds had shaped it, — so I mused,
And gathered round I seemed to see
The forms of creatures, storm-blown, bruised,
Resting beneath their kinsman tree.

Some were the men bent all one way
By blasts of bitterness and wrong,
Doomed to a single-handed fray,
Too weak to meet a foe so strong.

The winds of poverty and loss
Of all that man counts dear on earth —
Whether the gold be gold or dross —
Had shapen some to forms of dearth.

And those there were whose backs were
bowed
By breezes they had thought all fair ;

Prospered and loved too much, they showed
Distorted as the ugliest there.

Alien to joy, to sorrow near,
The subtler pains most subtly felt,
All the sad company was here,
Wherein misforming grief had dwelt.

And now the wind-bent tree is more
Than tree unto mine inmost ken,
For in its image by the shore
I see the world-bent forms of men.

SYMBOLS

 VER against the resting place
Where lie a mighty city's countless
dead,
Who will may buy two wares :
Flowers, to deck a deep and narrow bed ;
Marble, to stand for aye at feet and head ;
Flowers — for every fairest thing must die ;
Marble — to be outlived
By life enduring through eternity.

THE SEA VOICE

P from the harbor side,
Over the city's midmost hush of
night,
Swell, like a flooding tide,
The insistent voice of some great ship,
Deep-throated, as a man of might,
Calling, perchance, new greeting to the land
Now safe at hand ;
Or it may be with bugle at her lip,
Seaward she flings the first far-reaching cry
Of that vast speech of hers, whereby
She sounds her way from strand to strand,
Through ocean's fog and storm and mystery.

Housed safe ashore, deep down
Beneath the mountain clamor of the town,
Never by day comes clear to me
That rough old voice of the sea.
Only in chance-caught silences men hear,
As if by night, the ages' tale, —
All are but dwellers by a shore,

Mariners waiting their command to sail
Forth on the uncharted sea each must
explore,
So strange a sea, so near.

THE POET'S DOOR

ITHIN the circle of the light
We sat alone, and all the room
Beyond the lamp was full of night
And hung about with shadowed gloom.

With love and music in his voice
He read me from his lyric page
The sweetest numbers of his choice,
Songs of a blended youth and age.

Then telling forth another's song,
Music and love rang doubly clear ;
The same soft cadence on his tongue
Brought distant minstrelsy so near.

And to the doorway, strange and dim,
I thought a mystic presence came

With glowing mien, and gazed at him
That read, and gently spoke his name,

And said, " Hail, fellow soul of man,
For here thy kindred voice at last
Fulfils the song I once began ; "
Then back into the darkness passed.

BY THE SHORE

 OWN-BELLS over the land,
Fog-bells over the sea ;
 On the beach between in the mist I
stand,
And each bell calls to me.

Out of the fog I hear :
" Come, I am cool and sweet ;
My veil shall wrap thee away from fear,
My paths shall rest thy feet.

" Come as the ship that came
Into me on a morn of gray ;

Follow it, naming Love's dear name,
And find what it bore away.

“Find? Yes, so it may chance;
Yet come for the respite's sake;
Enough that I pledge you my ocean's trance
And oblivion—come, and take! ”

And the land bells ring me: “Here,
Here are the fixed and true;
We ring for the lifted mists, the clear
Sure noons of gleaming blue.

“Out into the day we call
You and your peers, like men,
Girt as ye are, to win and fall,
And falling to win again.

“Strength is yours for a shield;
Take heart, and grasp it fast!
Come, and bear from the hard-fought field
The guerdon of love at last! ”

On the beach in the mist I stand,
And voices are calling me, —
Town-bells over the land,
Fog-bells over the sea.

BEFORE THE SNOW

HE yellow flame of goldenrod
Is spent, and by the road instead,
The flowers, like smoke-wreaths o'er
the sod,
Hang burned and dead.

The sumac cones of crimson show
Beyond the roadside, black and charred ;
The trees, a bloodless, ashen row,
Stand autumn-scarred.

Dark are the field-fires of the year ;
Let all the flickering embers die !
Without, the cold white days are near ;
Within are warmth — and you, and I.

SONG

S it that I am poor in love ?
Nay, dear, unless it be
My poverty, forsooth, I prove
By love for none but thee.

Is it through wealth of love that men
Can see the first fires die,
And give their hearts again, again ?
Then thrice a pauper I !

But since to thee I've given all
That, rich or poor, was mine,
I can abide whate'er befall
The gift, dear, now 'tis thine.

“WHOM THE GODS LOVE”

“WHOM the gods love die young” ;
— if gods ye be,
Then generously might ye have
spared to us
One from your vast unnumbered overplus,
One youth we loved as tenderly as ye.

PROPORTION

HERE rose a star above the hill
Across the bay ;
Through the night-spaces vast and
still
Shone the great ray ;
Beneath it glowed a lesser light
By mortal lit,
Yet through the dark a path as bright
Led back to it.

Here in the day a bird flies by,
Above the trees ;
On other vision bent, mine eye
Unheeding sees.
Was it a distant eagle's wing
That clove the blue,
Or some near insect harvesting
The honey's dew ?

If eyes deceive, then let my soul
See clear and straight ;

Through all appearance, part and whole,
Stand separate !
Know, soul, what things are near, what far,
Sift great from small ;
Seize, soul, — whate'er the visions are, —
The truth in all.

WITH A HAND-GLASS TO A LADY

ET not my looking on thee once,
O glass !
Cloud the bright visions thou art yet
to see.

My image wholly from thy face shall pass,
And her fair beauty daily shine on thee.
Tell her my darkened days woudl show as
bright
Were they illumined by her constant light.

“WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN”

“WHEN my ship comes in,” runs
the young man’s song,
“What brave things shall I do—
With the strength of my wealth and the
joyous throng
Of friends stout-hearted and true !”

He watches and waits ’neath storm and sun
By the shore of his life’s broad sea,
And the days of his youth are quickly run,
Yet never a sail spies he.

“My ship has gone down !” in soberer
strain
Sings the man, and to duty turns.
He forgets the ship in his toil and pain ;
No longer the young hope burns.

Yet again he stands by the shore, grown old
With the course of his years well spent,
And far, far out on the deep — behold !
A dim ship landward bent.

No banner she flies, no songs are borne
From her decks as she nears the land ;
Silent, with sail all sombre and torn,
She is safe at last by the strand.

And lo ! to the man's old age she has brought
Not the treasures he thought to win,
But honor, content, and love — life-wrought,
And he cries, “ Has my ship come in ! ”

THE LONG SHADOWS

 ND and beginning are one,
Westward and eastward at rising
and setting of sun,
The same long shadows are laid
Prone on the earth,
Forth from the graves and the dwellings of
men ;
Brightest and darkest and vividest then,
The low, level glories of sunlight and shade
Cry, “ Look, how the hand of a master has
painted the scene ! ”

We, at the death and the birth,
Stand in a moment of light,
Clearest because of the dark that shall be and
has been.

Rearward and forward the long shadow falls.
Whether the mystery hidden be night
Or day, there is something all silent that
calls :

“Here in your east is the earth-light begun ;
Here in your west lie the things that are done ;
End and beginning are one.”

UNCONQUERED

IGH o'er the city's roofs a storm-blown gull,
Driven landward from the sea,
Battles against the winds without a lull,
Yet inland farther, ever back,
Helpless is tossed with flying rack ;
But, messenger of constancy to me,
I joy to see him facing ocean still, —

As beaten souls through storm and night
May changeless face the hidden light
By Heaven-sent power and strength of steadfast will.

A TREASURE HOUSE

HE poet's song, the painter's art,
Are richest when they tell but part ;

We hear the sweetest player, and thrill
With dreams of music sweeter still ;

The spring's first brightness is so dear
Because we feel the summer near ; —

Shall I not love my love the more
For keeping wealths of love in store ?

IN AN OLD BOOK OF PLAYS

N the far-off time of Anne,
In the play-book's golden age,
Did some modish Betty scan
What was then your spotless page ?
Did you drive away her spleen,
As at chocolate she sat ?
Did she weep at this sad scene,
Did she laugh and blush at that ?

College dons, perhaps by Cam,
Or on Isis' classic shore,
Read but with the hope to damn
What your flowing numbers bore.
Rustic critic, Grub-street wit,
May have praised you long ago ;
In "the public" or the pit
Did your fame the faster grow ?

Have you known the green-room band —
"Comic Coll" and all the rest ?
Held within "the Bracey's" hand,

Have you heard her scold and jest?
Old-World player, wit and belle —
Sure they are not all forgot?
Naught of them, alas! you tell,
They are gone — you perish not.

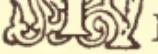
TO WILLIAM MORRIS.

 HY luckless wanderers, Poet, sought
a land
 Of timeless ease, where aye the fields
are green,
Where flowers know not the touch of winter's
hand,
And hills and valleys glow in changeless
sheen,
Where age can never come, and love is queen.
World-worn we too seek peace and sun-lit
skies,
And find — thy book an Earthly Paradise

OF ELIZABETHAN POETS

UR later singers vaunt their new-turned lays,
Doubling, they say, the world's poetic store ;
We turn to pages writ in Shakespeare's days,
And lo ! the songs have all been sung before.

WEEPING WILLOWS

HE first to don the green at winter's death,
Last, ere he lives again, to lay it by, —
Like tears are ye, that spring with man's first breath,
And loyally attend him till he die.

A GALA DAY

EN make them ready for the pageant
bright
With banners, robes, and panoply of
cost,

Yet cannot hold the rain-cloud of a night
From that whereby the brilliance all is
lost.

REVELATION

UR air hangs full of dust-specks seen
by none,
Until a shaft of light, as from a bow,
Pierces its arrowy way from God's clear sun,
And shows what stuff we're breathing
here below.

“ HOAR-FROST LIKE ASHES ”

N autumn field gave back the moon's
wan smile ;
Each gazed at each, like lovers pale
and fair ;

When morning came and wondering laughed
awhile,
An ashen glory lingered everywhere.

WINTER BEAUTY

ERE stands a parable in all men's
sight :
'Mid the green grass yon bowlder
showed but gray.
Now snows have clasped it in their frame of
white, —
'Tis green with lichens, as the early May.

LESBIA'S SPARROW

FROM CATULLUS

OURN, Goddesses of Love, and
Cupids, mourn,
And men of gentler mould wher-
e'er ye be ;
My sweetheart's sparrow hath been seized by
Death —

The sparrow, darling of my loved one's
heart,
Which she was wont to love more than her
eyes ;
For he was sweet as honey unto her,
And knew her as a maid her mother knows ;
Nor from her bosom was he fain to move,
But hopping round about, now here, now
there,
He piped unto his mistress, her alone.
And now along the darksome road he goes
Where never step, men say, has yet turned
back.
Then ill betide you, wicked shades of hell,
Which swallow up all lovely things ! So fair
A sparrow have ye borne away from her.
The evil deed is done, alas ! Poor bird,
It is thy fault that swollen eyes are red
Through weeping, — that my loved one's
eyes are red.

THE SONG TO THE SINGER

HEY will not know who read and
sing
What you and I know who have
known
How fair I was that day of spring
I bade you mould me for your own.

These words which half reveal my soul
Are how much more to you and me !
Pellucid beauties, clear and whole,
Behind, around them all we see.

Above this faltering tune that tells
The measure I must walk within,
For us a sweeter music wells —
The magic lilt that should have been.

Yet this is better than to die,
And you had joy of me one day ;
Then you are mine, and yours am I —
Who likes us not may go his way.

THIS BOOK IS PRINTED BY THE ROCKWELL
AND CHURCHILL PRESS OF BOSTON DURING
OCTOBER 1897

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